

Street Parade Was An Impressive Fair

MAGNIFICENT PAGEANT IS WITNESSED BY THOUSANDS

President Roosevelt Is Welcomed to Salt Lake With Display of Military Pomp.

Regular and State Soldiery, Rough Riders, War Veterans and Civic Bodies Make Up the Parade.

AMID the waving of the stars and stripes, with the crashing accompaniment of bands and the cheers of admiring multitudes, Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States, entered Salt Lake City yesterday morning between cordons of people and with an escort representing practically the military strength of Utah.

The ovation was not to the representative of a party or a class, if party prejudices and class distinctions existed they were sheathed, for they were not with his approval. The reception was not to the man, but to the president. It represented the homage of a proud and mighty people to its greatest executive. His entrance was welcomed with simplicity and enthusiasm becoming the dignity of a republican system of government.

The wild splendor of the plains, the precision of military discipline and order and the quiet of city life were represented in the spectacular ceremony attendant upon his visit to this city. Salt Lake surpassed herself in the beauty and strength of her display. It was not overdone nor underdone. It was elegant and impressive and magnificent.

City Begins to Awake.

The awakening of the city began at daylight. In the gray of the morning the glistening stretches of pavement looked as if they had never been used. Buildings and streets were a mass of color. People began to make their appearance, occasional voices and now and then the blast of a trumpet echoed through the still silent thoroughfares. The walls of the buildings were blanketed with flags. Miles of bunting stretched from pole to pole along the curbs, festoons of color crossed the thoroughfare while down the center of the main avenue was a hedge of flags and banners and bunting extending as far as the eye could see.

The street corners were great squares of red, white and blue. Color, color, color. It arched, spanned and stretched from wall to wall and from curb to curb. It looked for all the world as if a cyclone of color, carried this way and that, had suddenly, by some mystic spell, become suspended in the air.

People Throng the Streets.

The noise increased, the sounds blending into a roar. People poured out of the side streets into the main avenues. An occasional uniform is seen. Hoofs clatter over the pavements. The slow current of life, pushing toward the center of the town, is disturbed more and more by the hurried movement of men who are to take part in the spectacular events later on. Progress is growing more difficult as the crowds thicken. The high and the lowly, rich and poor, and humble and good and bad, are massing at points of vantage along the line of march. Plaid men recently out of the saddle, soldiers from the barracks, women from the boudoir and drawing room and the wage-earner from every walk of life. Splendor, poverty, piety and vice, hummed in the polished trappings of military organizations, which stretch in long, unbroken files from the depot to the walls of the temple.

Military and Civic Activity.

Rough riders, soldiers mounted and on foot and spectators are choking up the avenue with contrasting forms of military and civic life. Ropes are being stretched from corner to corner and from street to street, for a little later this now listless, congested crowd will become a heaving, swaying, excited mob, indifferent to order and discipline, if steps are not taken now to keep it under subjection.

At 8:30 o'clock there is a stir down towards the depot. A train from the north has just pulled into the station, the engine is covered with flags and an air of expectancy sweeps through the multitude. Soldiers stand ready to make a prompt response to orders. Marshals are giving a final check and having directions. Uniformed officers of the United States army and groups of citizens are waiting on the platform.

Two long lines of United States soldiers from Fort Douglas form an avenue from the flashing equipages at the track to the gates leading out of the depot grounds. Opposite the gates, lined two deep and staring company front, is a detachment of the Twelfth United States Infantry. Eyes blinking in the bright sun are strained toward the train. In front of the station the locomotive is puffing like some panting monster after a hard and tiresome run.

Arrival of the President.

From the rear of the last coach several men in faultless attire and with shiny silk hats step out and as they alight make their way with more or less difficulty to the carriages. The rear seat of one of the finest conveyances is covered with a gorgeous American flag. A man of determined bearing takes his place in the folds of the flag. Even at this distance the waiting throngs have recognized the president of the United States.

A cheer breaks from the crowd and tumbles along in a surge of sound. There are quick orders. Soldiers come to a present arms. Carriages wheel, marshals drive the spurs into steeds already frantic with impatience. There are bugle notes and one of the greatest of the city's military pageants, with America's chief executive at the head of it, is under way.

From Main street the eye leaps over companies, troops and batteries lined in imposing array along the street and notes the heavy column just swinging around the corner from Third West into South Temple. Arms, musical instruments and decorations are flashing in the brilliant sun. Colors are massing into solid columns. Blue, red and yellow, set off by the ornaments of authority, give an effect of splendor. Music is being heard through the roar. The column is advancing and amid the cloud of darker uniforms one can already distinguish the white uniform of Marshal Heywood.

Great Column Is Moving.

Cannon and men and horses are

dislodged on the hill far above. This part of the parade was the last, but it was the best feature of the pageant.

Surge of the Crowds.

The crowds of humanity pressing to the edge of the sidewalk the entire length of the parade on Main street suddenly away and, breaking into disjointed ranks, pressed into a great surge through the cross streets toward State street, in the hope of getting one more look at the president. In this the crowd is disappointed, but it has another opportunity to review the great parade

play, and it all added to the spectacular chain of circumstances that made yesterday's event one of the greatest in the history of Salt Lake fete.

Amusement.

During the past few weeks a great deal has been said about Miss Emmet

has done in many weeks was in the fifth number when they sang the Hallelujah chorus from "The Messiah." There was both animation and melody in the rendition. Professor A. J. McClellan, who played the accompaniments for Miss Ramsey, was at his best last evening. Several weeks ago a player on the organ stumbled into the mistake of making his performance too long. Mr. McClellan went to the other extreme last evening and made them entirely too short.

Viewed from a commercial or artistic standpoint, the recital was a success. The decorations of the night were in place and the most striking effect was the illuminated picture of President Roosevelt in

TABERNACLE A MASS OF ENTHUSIASTIC HUMANITY

Historic Old Building Could Not Accommodate the Throngs That Gathered There.

President Is Welcomed by Governor and Gives Stirring Words of Encouragement to the People of Utah.

ONLY once before in the history of the tabernacle was it ever so crowded as it was yesterday morning when President Theodore Roosevelt was introduced to the vast audience which filled that edifice, by Governor Heber M. Wells. That was

that their progress would not be so interrupted. And it was such a crowd, numbering tens of thousands, which hurried toward the tabernacle before the parade had barely passed the Brigham Young monument. But thousands of them were disappointed. It was a case of first come first served, with few exceptions, and those where reservations had been made.

Filled to Overflowing.

The seats on the ground floor, as might be expected, were filled first. When every bench had been occupied the crowd made a grand rush for the gallery, and in an incredibly short space of time it was filled to overflowing. The overflow then began to pack the aisles and blockaded the staircases. On the main floor it was the same condition of congestion.

The decorations in the tabernacle were not elaborate, but they were neat and effective. Around the face of the gallery were gracefully draped red, white and blue bunting, interspersed at the loops by small clusters of flags. Above the great organ three red electric light bulbs shone out like so many Mars. Just below them, was the word "Welcome," in white electric letters, extending in an arch from one pillar of the organ to the other.

Just below the letters "Welcome" was a large oil painting of President Roosevelt in campaign uniform. In one hand he held a rifle, and the other a hat. When the lights behind the picture, which was framed with national colored bunting, were turned on, it showed the uniform of the president to be that of the khaki, with a blue sky for a background.

Upon the platform, which was very large, was seated the members of the president's party who attended the exercises, the Indian war and civil war veterans, and other dignitaries in civic and church circles, the latter including President Joseph F. Smith, his first and second counselors, the two United States senators, Governor Wells and officers of the regular army and the Utah national guard.

President at the Tabernacle.

One minute after 10 o'clock President Smith stepped upon the platform, accompanied by his two counselors. They were instantly recognized by the vast audience and cheers rent the air. Here and there a flag and a handkerchief were waved to the distinguished churchmen. Three minutes later Senators Kearns and Smoot appeared. They were cheered lustily, the hand-clapping resembling the rattle of musketry.

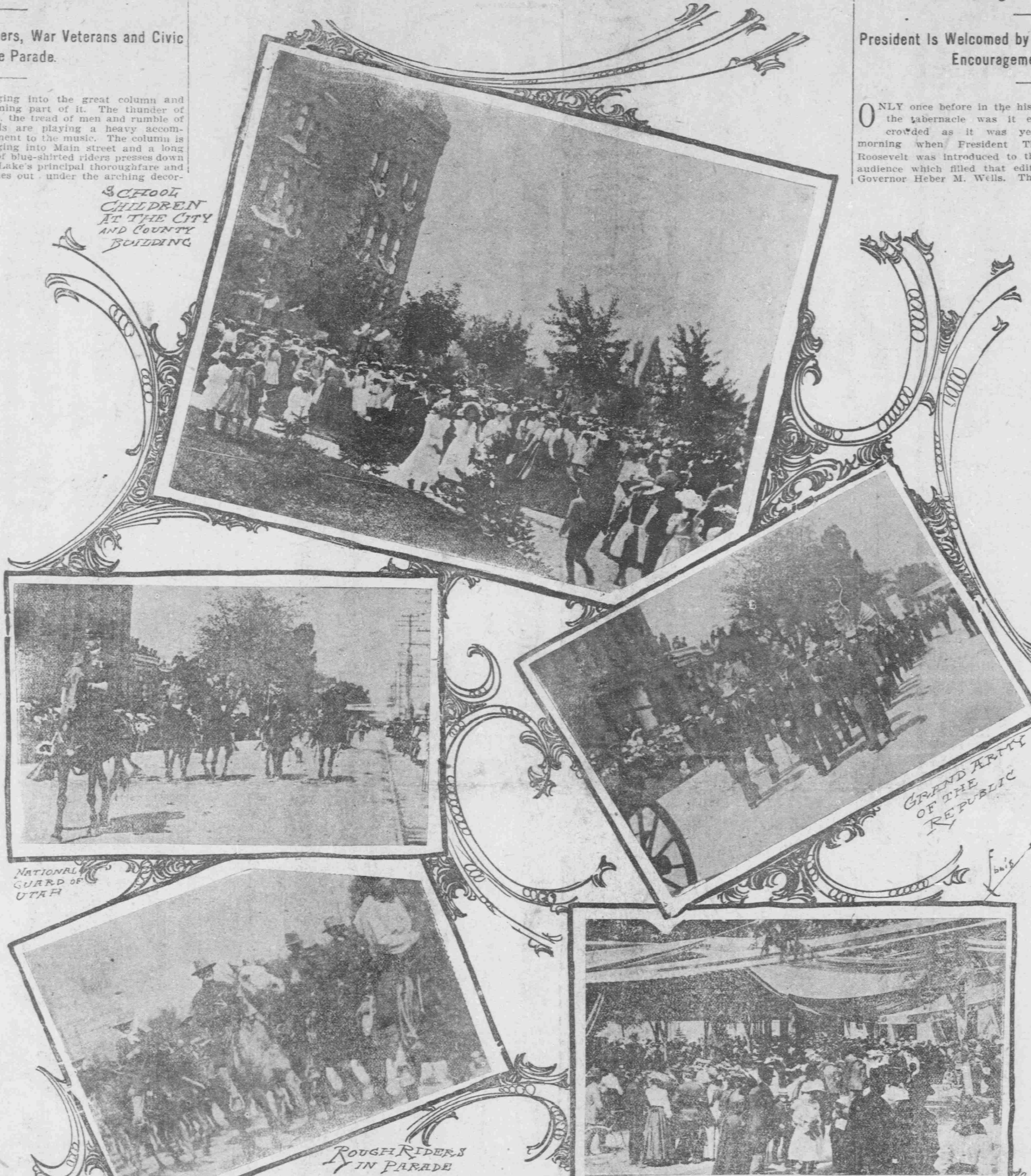
It was not more than a minute before President Roosevelt stepped into view. He was instantly recognized and a mighty cheer went up. Men, women and children stood upon their feet all over the tabernacle and cheered. The president bowed his acknowledgments and took a seat to the right of the stand. Next to him sat Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture, and beside him stood a few words to him. With a smile upon his face the junior senator introduced the two presidents. They both bowed low, grasped right hands firmly and held them for a few seconds while they passed common-place greetings. John Henry Smith then edged his way through the crowd upon the platform and grasped the president's hand. They must have exchanged some very pleasing remarks, for both were laughing when they reached their seats.

When the president entered the tabernacle and was making his way upon the platform the great organ, accompanied by a band stationed at the rear of the platform, played "Hail to the Chief." Just twelve minutes after that Governor Wells rose from his seat and, raising his right hand high above his head, said at the top of his voice: "The audience will please be in order."

Instantly a buzz of excitement and expectancy went over the audience. For an instant there was quietude. Then the audience broke forth into a vigorous applause, realizing that the time had come when the chief executive of the country was about to address those assembled.

When the applause had subsided the governor began upon his address of welcome. He said: "Mr. President—Of the grand sisterhood of states over whose destinies you have been called to preside, the youngest member extends to you this day most cordial welcome. We greet you with the glorious influence of that mighty Union whose influence is felt throughout the earth. The hand which we stretch out today is earnest though mute evidence that in you, sir, we find our interest not less the distinguished neighbor than the valued and valiant friend. And while, as a nation, there is not, and there should not be, either east or west, or north or south, yet, just as rivers and mountains make natural divisions of land, so do the incidents of settlement and the surrounding conditions create types of society and custom. Scarcely in that supreme loyalty which is the first instinct of Americans, and which will have met you everywhere on your triumphant journey, we of Utah press forward to give you here and there the cordialness of salute which is peculiarly western."

It is rare that we have been privileged



before it finally breaks ranks and disappears. By actual count there were 400 rough riders in yesterday's parade. The line was led by Marshal Heywood and aides and a troop of mounted police. The president and carriages of citizens followed. Next in order was Colonel Bubb and aides from Fort Douglas. The band from the fort preceded the Twelfth and the almost faultless movements of the men and the hand-box appearance of their attire were matters of general comment. They carried an American flag and the blue flag of the infantry. Next in line were twelve mounted batteries of the artillery from the fort. They carried only the artillery colors. The United States ambulance with the hospital corps brought up the rear.

National Guard in Line.

The First Regiment had followed the United States troops, and headed the National Guard of Utah. The infantry carried the regimental colors and an American flag. They were followed by the six batteries of infantry and troops of cavalry. The veterans of the Spanish-American and Indian wars, the G. A. R. and All Hallows college band in a wagon came in the order named. The high school cadets, mail carriers in uniform and university followed. The lodge of Elks in uniform was next in line, fifty strong, followed by the uniformed order of the Knights of the Macabees. Held's band preceded the rough riders, who closed up the procession.

War Whoops of Veterans.

The air is ululating with their war whoops, but it is nothing to what is coming. Bands are sandwiched between the moving battalions, a long line of members of the B. P. O. E., the All Hallows college band in a heavily decorated wagon and then the rough riders. Cavalry after cavalcade of blue-shirted, yelling men. You try to count them, but somewhere far in front the line is congested and they stop.

Five minutes pass. Ten minutes. Then there is a break. Way ahead a great, yawning opening has occurred. From somewhere near the break comes a signal. It is taken up along the line until it resolves itself into a long, sharp series of yelps and the horsemen dash forward into a wild run. It is no longer possible to count them. A mighty thunder of hoofs drowns out all other sounds. Over a mile of heaving, swaying horseflesh is partly hidden by a cloud of dust which rises angrily as if annoyed at this disturbance. The earth trembles. The roar increases. People shriek in ecstasy at the magnificent sight. Some idea can be gained of the awe-inspiring splendor of a cavalry charge in real action or a charge of rough riders when there are enemies to

Ramsey. She appeared before the public a saving time ago at a disadvantage. Last evening she appeared at the tabernacle in a recital arranged especially to bring her before the local public and it is presumed that she was heard at her best. At the start it is but justice to say that the president's no comparison between her singing a few days ago at the school concert and her work of last evening. She seemed to improve with every number or to put it in a more correct form, each succeeding number brought out beauties of her voice not apparent in the preceding numbers. Her voice is simply a human harp and like a harp the music quivered in her throat when she held a note like a string after it has been touched with deft fingers.

Her lowest tone was melody. In the farthest part of the great edifice and her most florid note seemed to be smooth and bell-like, and was reached without apparent effort. Her first numbers were apparently selected to bring out the musical qualities of her voice, but the dramatic elements with which she has been accredited were not evident until the sixth number, and the astonishing range possibilities of her voice reached their zenith in the concluding number when, in the second movement, she sang "The Almighty God Hath Spoken." She touched notes then which were a triumph.

The best piece of work that the choir

his rough rider costume standing against a background of blue.

"If I Were a King" attracted another large audience to the Salt Lake theatre last night. The engagement comes to an end with tonight's performance. A matinee beginning promptly at 2 o'clock, will be given.

The last two performances of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by the Wardie company, will be given at the Grand this afternoon and tonight.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

(New York Press.)

When a woman begins to dye her hair it is a sign that all the gray matter of her head is on the outside.

Nothing pleases a woman so much as to have a man find fault with a dress because it does not do her figure justice.

When a man is interested in a woman and she gets married he can still be interested in her just the same unless it is to himself.

A pretty girl could marry anything on earth that she wanted, but such is the centrality of her sex that she usually picks out the worst little runt she can find, and thinks he is a god.

GOV. WELLS' BABY AND THE PRESIDENT

GOVERNOR WELLS' baby was the star performer in one feature of President Roosevelt's visit to the city yesterday. The little one was presented to the chief executive in state and was held in his hands for a moment. The baby grinned at the president and seemed to enjoy the situation immensely.

It was the original plan of the governor to have President Roosevelt name the baby, but owing to the press for time this part of the programme had to be omitted. As a result the little one who was to have been named by a president's still without a name.

In accordance with the original plans, Governor Wells had the nurse take the baby to the city and county building and remain in waiting for a favorable opportunity. This came just as the president left the city and the baby brought the baby forth and the father introduced him to the chief executive in due form. The president took the boy in his arms a moment and chuckled him under the chin. The baby grinned and chirped in baby fashion at the novel procedure. Owing to the lack of time the president could not select a name for the little one and he was handed back to the nurse.

more than a score of years ago, the day the funeral of President Brigham Young.

The great building was one mass of bustling and expectant humanity. It filled every seat in the structure from the platform to the tier of benches in the other end under the drapings suspended from the arched roof. Those who could not find seats contented themselves with filling the aisles until it was impossible to move up or down those passages.

And the overflow, which numbered thousands, filled the exits to suffocation and extended out into the gravel paths surrounding the tabernacle in one solid mass of humanity, and later formed a fringe around the building whose raveled edges of men, women and children, spread over the verdant temple grounds.

Gates Opened at 9 O'clock.

The gates to the temple grounds were not opened until 9 o'clock, just as the last score of rough riders passed up South Temple street and turned south on Main street. Up to that hour they had remained closed, and admittance was refused to every one. Such were the orders which had been issued by President Joseph F. Smith, and they were carried out to the letter.

The main, or southern, gates were thrown open first. Instantly there was a concerted rush of spectators toward them. It reminded one of the vortex in the middle of the ocean, sucking the wreckage of a vessel into it. Wide as they are, the triple gates on the south side of the grounds were not wide enough to admit the hundreds of people, all anxious to pass through first, and then the triple gates on the north side of the grounds were thrown open. The arrival of the president and his party.

As in the days of Nero, when all roads led to Rome, every street in the city half an hour before 10 o'clock, at which time the president was supposed to speak, led to that great edifice. The sidewalks were too narrow to accommodate the great crowds; people, irrespective of their station in life, turned into the middle of the streets in hope